

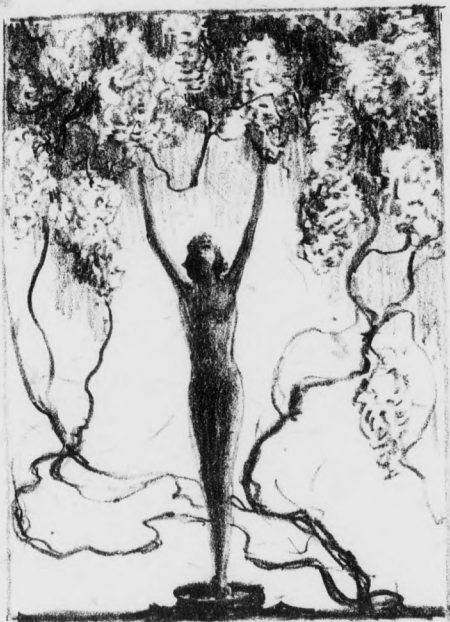
HIGH LIGHTS



Eucalypti and Pappas

Alfred James Drury

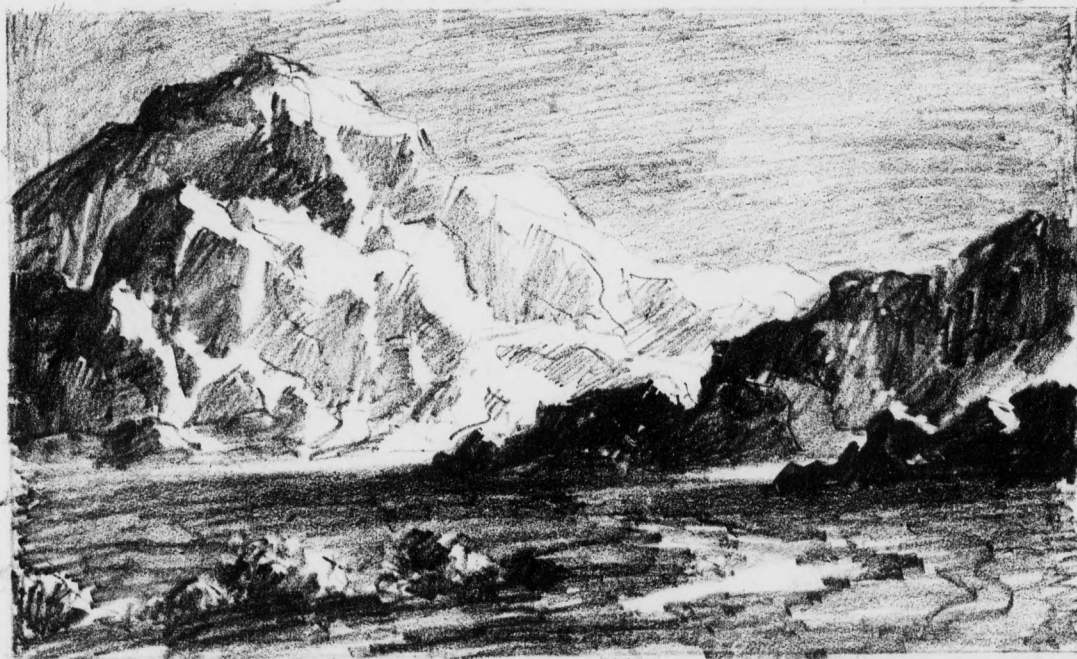
An Old Adobe Publication ∴ ∴ ∴
SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



WISTARIA VINE GARDENS
Phone 5353
201 W Carter SIERRA MADRE



HARTMAN'S
Reliable
Pharmacy



SIERRA MADRE SAVINGS BANK

HIGH LIGHTS

JUNE 1941

Volume 2 Number 6

C O N T E N T S

THE AMERICAN FREEDOM	Poem	Matthew Biller	2
WE ARE CONFUSED	A report on the State of the Nation		4
POPPIES AND PURPLE LUPINS	Leslie B. Wynne		6
DICKENS ACTOR WILL BE GUILD GUEST			7
HARD FACTS	Poem	B. C. D.	7
SOLITAIRE	Bob Foote		8
GUILD ORCHESTRA IN FIRST CONCERT			10
LOST CHORD	Poem	Jessie Bowen Pierce	11
CAMERA CLUB NOTES	Harry Arnold		12

EDITORIAL BOARD

Alfred James Dewey

Leslie B. Wynne

Bill Burke

SECRETARIES

Dôrothy Dewey
Madeline Dewey

PRINTERS

Bernard Wynne
Dottie Burke
Tom Wynne

HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued by the Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Adobe Studio in Sierra Madre, California.

THE AMERICAN FREEDOM

Matthew Biller

(Reprinted from the American Mercury)

The American land is a land of freedom
Where liberty's bell rings major notes,
Where folks make rules and laws as they need 'em
And voice their say from reckless throats,
And carry the government under their coats.

There's no sense in driving American people,
They set their pace by the home-town clock;
Their wills are as sharp as the village steeple,
Their wants are precise as the Rector's Frock,
Their ways are as stubborn as Plymouth Rock.

American liberties have the flavor
Of tall corn growing, and wheat at prime,
Of wayside stands that have the savor
Of fresh-made hamburgers - - two for a dime:
Of buckwheat cakes at breakfast time

Of pine-capped mountains, and far-flung plains,
And houses built by the hands of neighbors;
Of apples sweet, with the summer rains,
And cities sprung from the seed of labors:
Of freedom got with muskets and sabers.

The Americans laugh at their schools and teachers,
At the upper class with their social tricks:
They laugh at their presidents, lawyers, preachers,
At the man who cheers and the man who kicks.
They laugh most of all at their politics.

They go to the polls and cast their ballots
(If they've paid their proper taxes and fees),
They open their town hall meetings with mallets
And conduct them pretty much as they please - - -
They squabble and joke and take their ease.

There is no predicting an American's future
By the wealth or the people he was born amid:
He might grow up as the county moocher,
Or he might build a bridge on the lowest bid. . .
He might go to Washington as Lincoln did.

The American men have an independence
That is born of limitless hills and sky:
They make good soldiers and superintendents,
They know how to reach for a goal set high:
They know how to suffer - - they know how to die.

The American way is slow and steady,
But should anyone doubt our will to be free
The encroacher who comes will find us ready - -
Though his power be great - - let him try and see:
There'll be a rifle back of every tree!

WE ARE CONFUSED

There is not an awful lot of time left.

Harlan Ware said it this time - - at the Arts' Guild meeting May 2 - - but similar words have been on the lips of a great many people lately.

Harlan meant, as did War Secretary Stimson, and various military experts and newspaper commentators, that the American people are fatally apathetic in their attitudes toward World War II and its relationship to themselves. Time and tide and Hitler wait for no man.

Harlan could find, from his own experience, some explanation for the situation, but like others who have claim to forethought, he could not condone it.

We are an unawakened people, he said, complacent behind 3,000 miles of water. We claim intelligence and an ability to evaluate facts. But we are unable, as a nation, to see any peril to ourselves. We understand that complacency and procrastination prepared European nations - Czechoslovakia, Austria, Denmark, Yugoslavia, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Albania, Bulgaria, and above all, France, - - in some part for the fates which ultimately destroyed them. Germany has overcome these countries, which represented most of continental Europe and its liberal thought, and now aspires to conquer Britain and dominate as much as can be of the remainder of the world. Most Americans have not seriously given much thought to Hitler's aims. They are protected by 3,000 miles of water.

Harlan's Hollywood interlude lasted three years. He was well paid, turned out hit scenarios, but, as he says, the pace was too much for him. It was also too much for most of the other writers. Harlan kept his sense of proportion by leaving the industry.

The writers who stayed behind had to make mental adjustments. To reach success, they had to have some conception of reality, so that the amount of money they

made stunner even them. Although they would accept all they could get, most had to maintain self respect in some manner.

Harlan believes many of Hollywood's writers are confused. They, however, dream of a better, and a more equitable society, and satisfy their idealistic beliefs by propagandizing the remainder of the nation through motion pictures.

It is very successful propaganda. In fact, most of the more successful pictures in recent months have subtly planted in the minds of hundreds of thousands of people the fundamental tenets of social change; capital is evil, those who control capital and boss labor, are unfortunates, the bums, the prostitutes, those who have been lost or forgotten, are heroes.

Harlan expressively pointed his moral by the use of the new hit, "Meet John Doe." In this a bum is the hero. Here, too, the force of evil emanates from the publisher of a newspaper, involving all associated with him. The class struggle, in the end, makes the bum the winner. Because the picture is so well done, the mind absorbs the subtle thought. It is a sugar coated pill.

Harlan and his audience were unanimous that what the country now needs is leadership. There is not time for the formation of public opinion, before a decisive move by the government. No one felt he knew the proper word or the exact action which should be taken, and yet they felt that the pace of national preparedness is not fast enough. As a group they wanted action, and though they may formerly have disagreed politically with the President, most seemed eager to follow whatever lead he might give them.

The attitude of the Guild audience, and because it seemed particularly appropriate to the discussion, resulted in a request that Matthew Biller, well known Arcadia poet, read one of his ballads, which appeared recently in the American Mercury, and which is printed elsewhere in this issue.

POPPIES AND PURPLE LUPINS

Leslie B. Wynne

They stand so gracefully and so alluringly by the waysides and within the meadows, together, these golden poppies and these purple lupins. Like tiny glowing suns and like bits of night-dusky heaven, they stipple the broad valley reaches and the rolling hills. How fragile they are, their tender stems and their petals so easily crushed and broken; and yet, they are just as lasting as life is lasting. Year after year with the springtime they come to their places, and in their places and seasons they stand, it may be, more ancient than man himself. They are forever, it seems, blooming and fading, to bloom again and to fade with endless time.

Who can explain the mysteries of living things in their coming and going? Who can understand death? Yet, this we know: that life and death are but the two sides of the same garment, in alternation and in a ceaseless round.

Surely, they are my sunny days and my happy dreams, these golden poppies; and these lupins, are they not as surely my chastened hours, my night-purple moods? Into the valleys and over the hilltops of life they run together, now in the sunlight and now in the gathering shade. As hard to hold and as short-lived as fleeting thought, comes happiness that passes swiftly but is long remembered. As short-lived, too, in its intensity, is grief that passes over the soul like a storm over the face of the sea: yet is, in its effects, as enduring as stone and as strong as steel. Constantly, like night unto day, these dark moods pass to light emotions and receding, they return again to darkness like day unto night.

Who can set a price upon the worth of happiness in its coming and going? Who can evaluate sorrow? Yet, of this we may be certain: they are but the two sides of the same thing - - a slow growth through experience to the ways of eternal God.

GUILD MEETING, JUNE 6

Clement May, talented interpreter of the English Classics, will be guest speaker at the June meeting of the Arts Guild.

A recent arrival in Pasadena, Mr. May has toured the world five times, portraying lead roles of Shakespearean drama. Also well versed in Dickens characters and an enthusiastic exponent of Little Theaters, he was founder of the New Zealand Shakespeare Society, as well as the Dickens' Fellowship.

Mr. Clement will draw upon his wide experience during the coming months, for he has opened a studio in Pasadena for study of speech and drama. This fall he will produce a series of plays.

Mr. May also excels in masterful interpretations of more modern authors, such as A. A. Milne, Masofield, O. Henry and others. He will present some of the best of these characterizations at the Guild meeting.

HARD FACTS

B.C.D.

If wishes were horses and promises motors
Then no one would walk, and the roads would be gay,
With Jeremy Drudge dashing by in his brougham
And giving Miss Clerk and her coachman good-day.

With fluttering pennants atug at the windshield
The janitor's wife would gad all about town,
Saluting the charwoman on her high horses,
Agog in a new and magnificent gown.

And Timothy Newsboy would race with Miss Cashgirl
On spirited ponies through concourse and park - -
But wishes are moonshine and promises molehills,
And all of us foot it from daylight till dark.

"Poems"--1933

SOLITAIRE

Bob Foote

Solitaire, reviled by philosophers as a thief of time, is actually a real friend to mentally disturbed mankind. For over-concentration there is no handy cure-all like that which reposes in a deck of cards used alone.

Is there the germ of an idea - - - how to climax a third act, how to clinch a sale, how to perfect the gadget which will make an invention go - - - lurking in the back of the brain, refusing to take definite shape? Play solitaire and not only will the period of mental germination be shortened but made delightful, meanwhile.

Is one worried, has one concentrated so long on a problem that the entire brain process is muddled? Play solitaire and suddenly the solution will come popping out.

Used with discretion and affection, solitaire can smooth out such mental vexations, and bring clearer vision to bear upon an annoying question, aid in more lucid consideration.

The great curative power of solitaire rests, of course, upon its escape value. To get any good from it, the game must be played seriously, with intent to wind; therefore it must be enjoyable, not a task. No one can derive any benefit from solitaire who dislikes it, no more than one can get any good from gymnastic exercises which one abhors. If one likes solitaire, one instinctively turns to it in time of stress, to escape even momentarily a plaguing problem. One goes back to the problem refreshed and ready to see matters from a fresh viewpoint, to take a new point of departure toward solution, just as one must occasionally vary his attack in the game he has played.

Solitaire comes closest to walking, as a therapeutic agent. It lacks, of course, the physical exhilaration of walking, but it can be played when walking is impossible. It is better, as affording a recess from concentration, than reading or going to a movie or a cocktail party. Any of those things will suggest new ideas, to clog up the brain channels and throw a really important matter so far into the background that it may be brought to focus again only with extreme difficulty. With solitaire, one does not dis-

miss the problem, nor let others intrude, he sets it to one side, for a short while.

Solitaire is not for the fortunate individual whose mind is in well regulated departments; who when he becomes weary of one subject, can turn instantly to another, then later shift back to the first without loss of continuity. Solitaire is rather for the one-track mind, which cannot be switched off to another subject without losing the progress already made; which once diverted, has to go back and start all over again.

For the latter solitaire presents the ideal interlude. After one has mastered a few of the countless games of solitaire, one plays them by routine, as one might walk along observing diverting sights but with nothing serious intruding to prevent unconscious consideration of the mental problem going right on.

Americans are a notably impatient people. Few of the ordinary run of us have the fortitude to think things through to logical decision; we tire of concentration and jump to a conclusion. Perhaps within ourselves we realize that the conclusion is as likely to be wrong as right, but anyhow we have rid ourselves of the matter. That is where the brake represented by solitaire proves its value. It halts us a little while on the road we are mentally traveling, while we just rest. Otherwise, for instance if we played cards with companions instead of by ourselves, we probably would find when we attempted to concentrate again that we were away off on another road, far from the route we were traveling.

The old-fashioned name of solitaire explains why it can be so valuable to every type of American. That name is "Patience."

"Clement May is undoubtedly one of the finest exponents of Dickens now living. He makes the roles of the master live again by his forceful telling. His presentations are literary slices from the soul of the immortal master."

The Referee, London.

GUILD ORCHESTRA IN FIRST CONCERT

Twenty-one talented young San Gabriel Valley musicians joined with Director Jascha Gagna the Evening of May 31, in the inaugural performance of the Concert Orchestra sponsored by the Arts Guild, at the Wistaria Vine Gardens.

The orchestra was favored by a fine evening, so that the audience could enjoy the music in comfort and with full appreciation.

The group, which has been in rehearsal slightly more than five months, played like members of a Philharmonic orchestra, which, perhaps is just, in view of the fact that Mr. Gagna is one of the best violinists in the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Regardless of age and previous musical experience, each played like a veteran, the ten-year old as well as those much older.

Mr. Gagna, at a dinner in the Gardens, given late in the afternoon following the second performance, revealed an intriguing little musical romance. Then he announced the engagement of Miss Evelyn Jacobson, of Arcadia, to Paul Flancher, who lives in Monrovia. Both are members of the orchestra, and were active in early efforts to form such a group.

The performance had an inspirational quality for many of the listeners. The musicians were finely trained, and at no time was there a blemish to mar the beauty of the music. Presented in the lower garden, under the leafy canopy of the giant Wistaria Vine, the setting greatly added to the evening's entertainment.

A large group of Sierra Madre residents acted as patrons for the new-born musical organization. Proceeds will be devoted to purchasing orchestrations, an expensive item in activities of such an orchestra.

In the wide publicity given the orchestra, much was made of the difference in ages between the youngest player, Don Billingsley, ten, and Miss Helen Swaby, the oldest, and concert mistress of the group, who is 23.

Arrangements are already being made for the next appearance of the orchestra, which, according to Mr. Gagna, will be in Arcadia, although the exact time has not been determined.

The orchestra's program follows:

1. Symphony No. 40 in G minor Mozart
 Allegro Molto
 Andante
 Minuetto
 Finale (Allegro Assai)

* INTERMISSION *

2. (a) Scenes de la Czardas Hubay
 (b) Nocturne in E. flat major Chopin
 Solos by Helen Swaby

3. La Grassa Ladre (Overture) Rossini
-

LOST CHORD

Jessie Bowen Pierce

Hum of motor,
Flash of sail,
Tang of the salty sea;
Glistening water,
Seagull's wail,
A bed of sand for me:
Fingers lifting.
 Lightly sifting
A crystaled rainbow's theme . . .
Mind all hazy,
 Just too lazy
To dream a captured dream.

REMINDER :-

Clement May, who is guest speaker on the Guild program, Friday, June 6, is reknowned for his Dickens characterizations, and will offer a number of these on that occasion.

CAMERA CLUB NOTES

Harry Arnold

Dennis Conde, graduate of the Mortenson School of Photography and well known commercial photographer, presented many samples of his work, May 13, when camera enthusiasts gathered for the first monthly meeting.

Conde presented the club members with a clear, detailed, explanation of the Mortenson method of abrasion tone and projection control. Mortenson is among the outstanding artistic photographers of this coast.

Six members of the club submitted prints which were hung in the Fifth Annual Salon of the Allied Camera Pictorialists, which opened in Pasadena on May 17. Included in the group were Jack L. Folk, Caryl Key and John Shindel, Bernard Wynne, Harry and Russell Arnold.

This Salon represents the fifth showing of the organization, which began with four participating camera clubs and now includes nine. Judge of this show, recognized as one of the most promising illustrative photographers in Southern California, was C. Weston Boothe.

The Salon, held at the Pasadena Library, took 134 prints for showing, out of slightly more than 300 which were submitted. It will be continued until the 14th of June.

The Allied Pictorialists will hold a general meeting for all members of the participating clubs, on June 4th, at 7:30 p.m. Anyone interested is invited to attend, and will be able to discuss the prints and meet the photographers. Some phase of photography will be discussed by a qualified speaker.

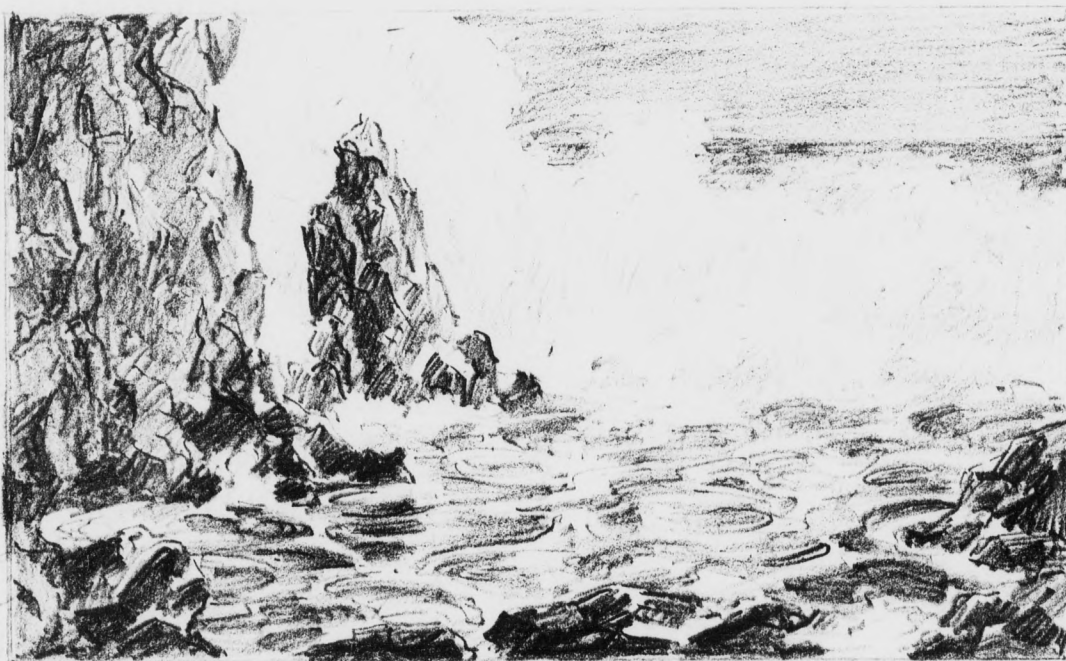
At the last meeting of the club, Rollin Lewis, club member and local bank president, showed prints he made during a recent trip East. Included in the fine Kodachromes were many air shots taken from windows of the airliner en route to Washington, D. C. He also had many lovely colored prints of Arlington, Mt. Vernon, the Mellon Art Museum, and shots of New York City, and the countryside between there and California. These last were made as Mr. and Mrs. Lewis drove westward in their new car.



HAPPY'S
FINE LIQUORS
12 W Sierra Madre Blvd



TYPEWRITERS
New+Rebuilt+Trades+Repairs
C.M. HIGHTOWER
Sycamore 6-5265 Pasadena



ROBERTS' MARKET • SIERRA MADRE'S LEADING FOOD STORE